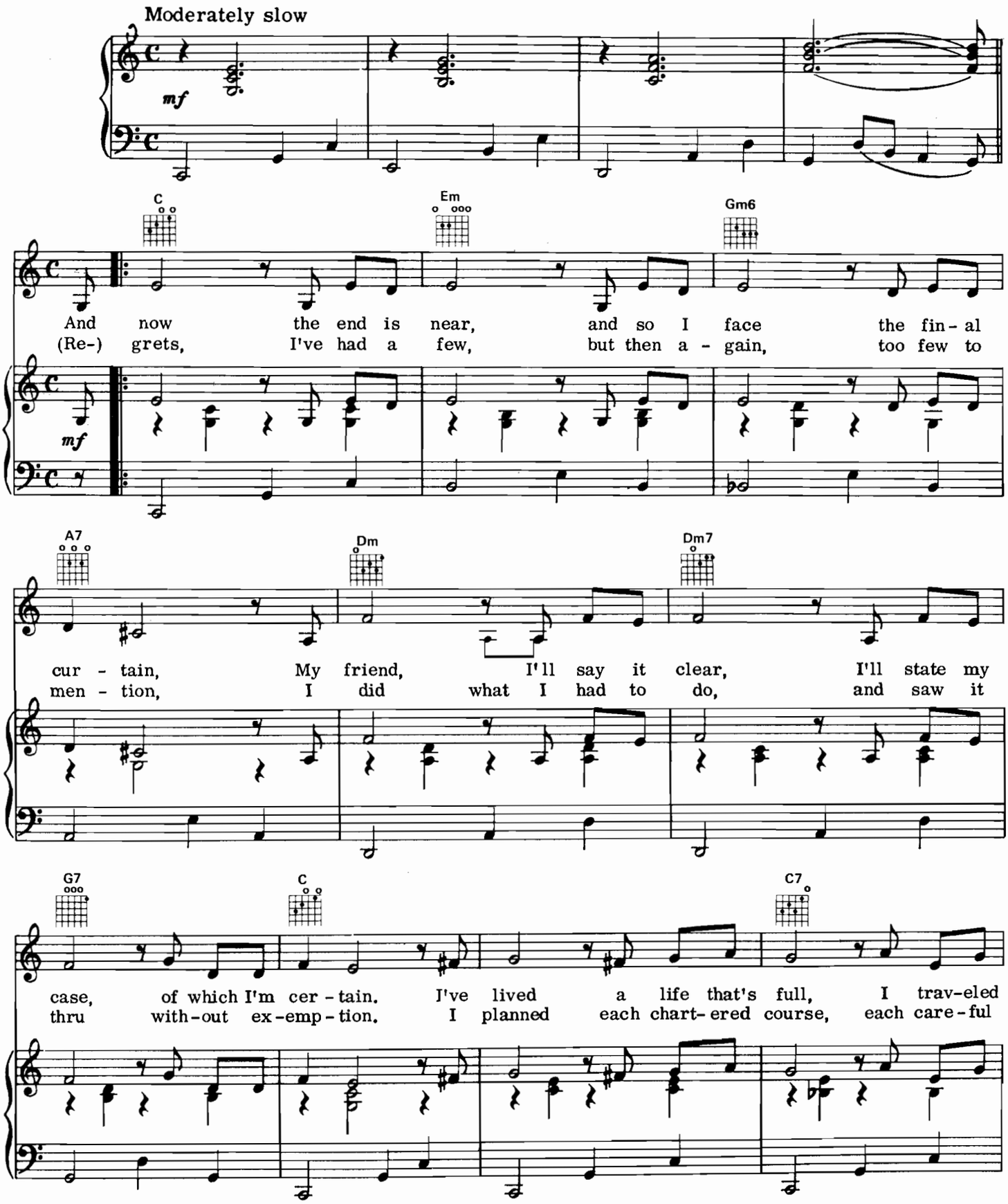
VISIT…

LANZAROTE Caliente.COM

My Way

Original French Words by
Gilles Thibault

English Words by Paul Anka
Music by Jacques Revaux
and Claude Francois



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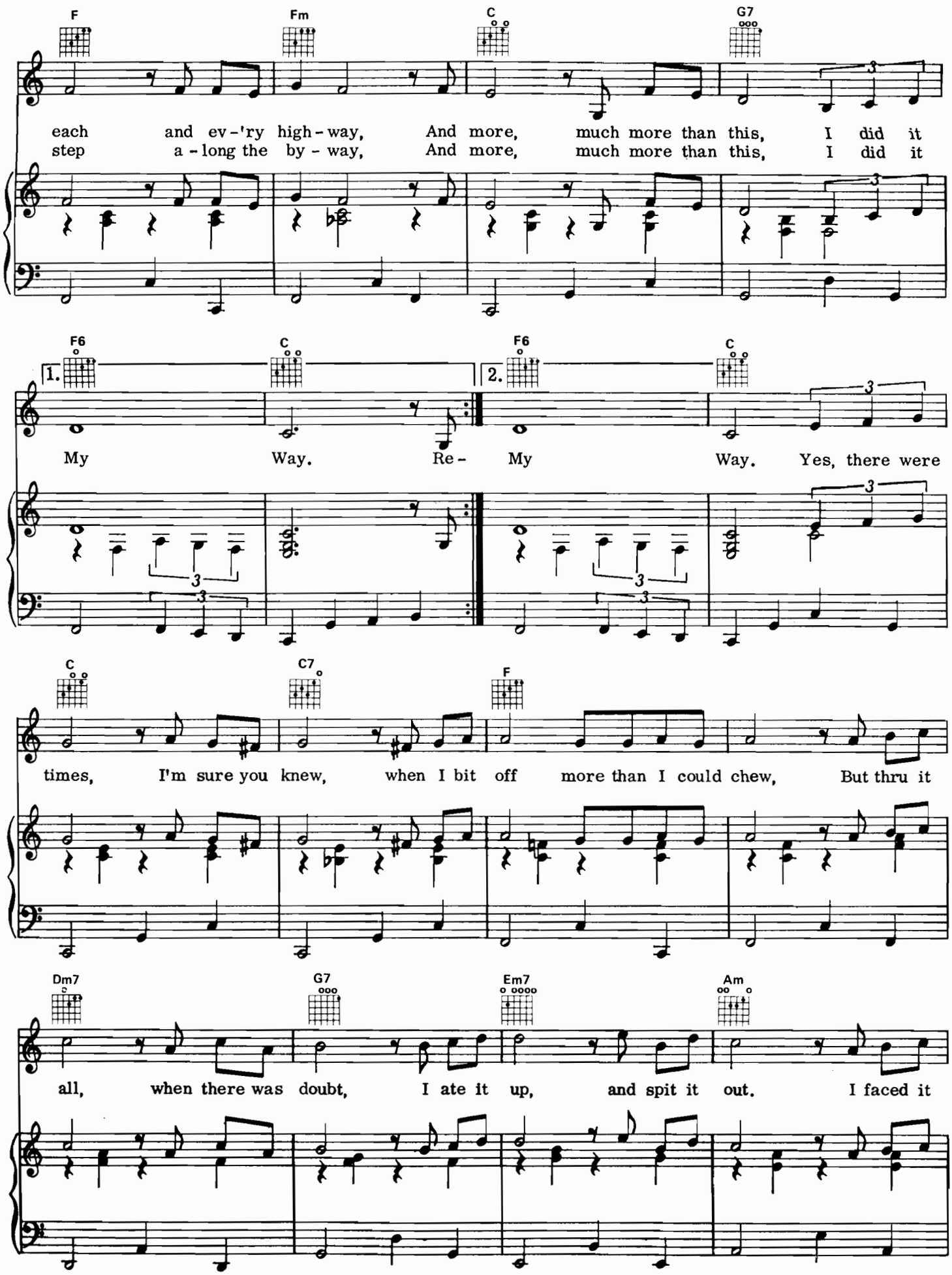
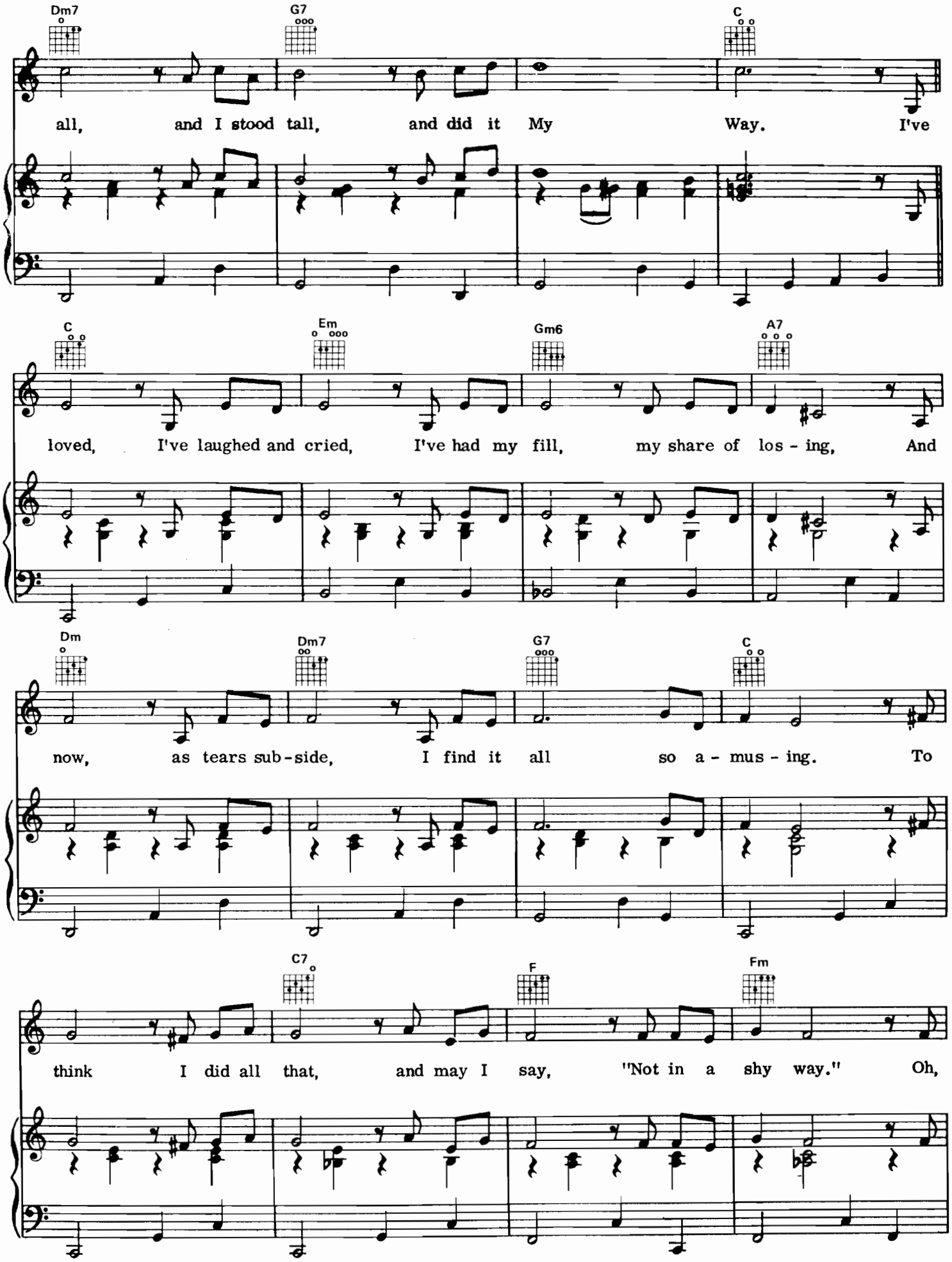
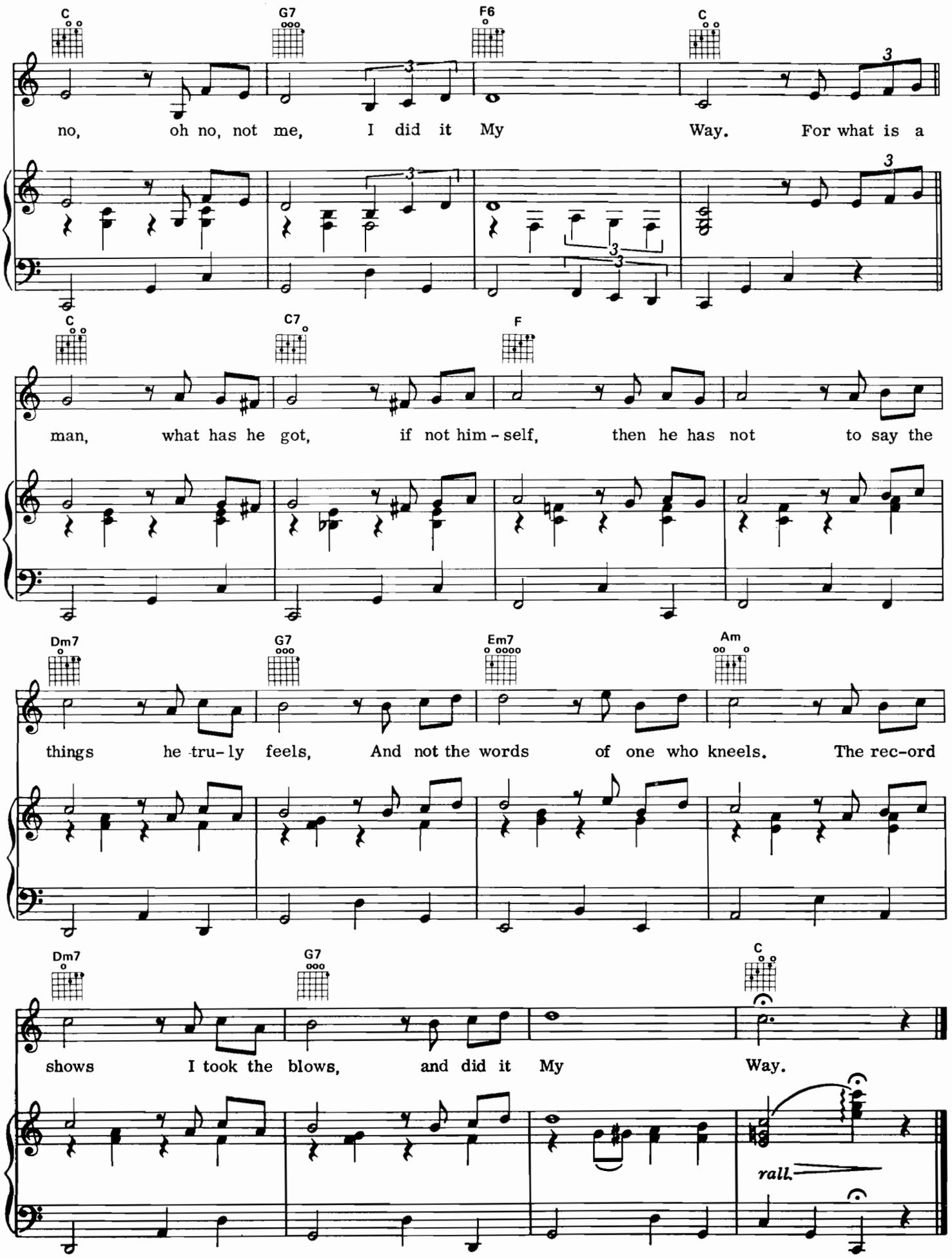

F
Fm
C
G7
each and ev-'ry high-way, And more, much more than this, I did it
step a-long the by-way, And more, much more than this, I did it
F6
C
1.
2.
My Way. Re- My Way. Yes, there were
C
C7
F
times, I'm sure you knew, when I bit off more than I could chew, But thru it
Dm7
G7
Em7
Am
all, when there was doubt, I ate it up, and spit it out. I faced it


Dm7
G7
C
all, and I stood tall, and did it My Way. I've
C
Em
Gm6
A7
loved, I've laughed and cried, I've had my fill, my share of los - ing, And
Dm
Dm7
G7
C
now, as tears sub-side, I find it all so a - mus - ing. To
C7
F
Fm
think I did all that, and may I say, "Not in a shy way." Oh,


C
G7
F6
C
no, oh no, not me, I did it My Way. For what is a
C
C7
F
man, what has he got, if not him - self, then he has not to say the
Dm7
G7
Em7
Am
things he tru - ly feels, And not the words of one who kneels. The rec - ord
Dm7
G7
C
shows I took the blows, and did it My Way.
rall.